Part One of Two
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THE doors
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REVOLUTIONARY COMMENTS™

519 UNIVERSITY AVE., #103, SAN DIEGO, CA 92103

COMIC BOOK PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA DENY THEIR OWN RIGHTS!

By Todd Loren

In July of 1990, while we were embroiled in the midst of the New Kids case, we got a little curious. We were just wondering exactly where the comic book publishers of America stood on the First Amendment issues which we were fighting for. We wanted to know: were we all alone? We put together the following letter, which we sent, registered mail, along with a self addressed stamped envelope to most every comic book publisher in America:

> Dear Fellow Comic Book Publisher:
>
> The purpose of this letter is to discover if you agree to the following basic principles which we are currently working to establish. They are as follows:
>
> 1. Comic books are not a toy. They are, in fact, a form of literature, and as such, are protected by First Amendment rights of free speech just as any other form of communication.
>
> 2. Comic books should have the same First Amendment protection to cover news, portray history, philosophy, politics, and education, and lampoon, satirize, or offer biographies of public figures as do films, books, magazines, newspapers, radio, and television.
>
> If you agree with the two points outlined above, please sign on the line below. (SASE enclosed). This letter is in no way an endorsement on your part of anything other than the two points outlined above, and will be respected as such. Our only purpose is to establish a casual alliance amongst comic book publishers to defend our industry from attacks against our constitutional rights.
>
> Thank you very much, Peace, Todd Loren.
>
> Yes, I agree with points one and two above.
>
> __________________________________

Now...here is a list of all of the comic book publishing companies that signed and returned the above letter:

That's right, folks! A big fat zero! Not one comic book company was willing to put in writing any acknowledgment of their own rights! Is it any wonder this industry has the problems it has? Is it any wonder that 95% of the comic books printed over the past 30 years have been on the exact same subject? Is it any wonder that comics can't seem to figure out how to break into the mainstream? Amazingly, Denis Kitchen of Kitchen Sink Press, one of the more outspoken "First Amendment Advocates" of the industry, did fax us a letter saying that he agrees that comic books should have the "same rights and protections as film, books, magazines, radio and TV..." He also suggested some ways which we change the letter. We made these changes, and sent the letter back to him, but he still never returned a signed copy. We were also unable to get any help from Kitchen's so-called "Comic Book Defense Fund", which supposedly sets aside a whole $5000 for legal defense, which they guard like it's Fort Knox. The truth is, this "defense fund" is reserved specifically for causes which will either directly or indirectly benefit Denis Kitchen, and his "image" as an advocate for the rights of downtrodden comic book stores. In other words, if a comic book store is busted for selling Kitchen's books, then he might make some of the "defense fund" money available. Otherwise, bug off! Hey Denis, you're a great guy, you've paid your dues, you look great on television, but this "defense fund" is bogus. Either call it what it is: *The Friends Of Kitchen Sink Defense Fund*, or just donate your own money to those stores you want to help.

SO! If you read comic books, besides this one, aren't you a little bit curious as to WHY other companies wouldn't sign that letter? Maybe if their own readers asked them that, a satisfactory answer would be forthcoming!

BACK IN BLACK AND WHITE!

For the time being anyway. It was a lot of fun doing color books, but we forgot to ask our readers if they even *wanted* color books. Do you? Peace.

Coming up: #27- Doors pt. 2, #28-29- Ozzy Osbourne/ Black Sabbath, #30- The Cure, The Beatles Experience #2 (Beatlemania!), The Pink Floyd Experience #1 (Syd Barrett's life & strange times), and Classics Of Rock, our second book compilation!

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JIM IS A RAMBUNCTIOUS LAD WITH A SOMETIMES CRUEL, MISCHIEVOUS STREAK, ESPECIALLY WHEN ALONE WITH HIS BROTHER ANDY.
C'MON, MAN, EAT IT! EAT DOG SHIT, YOU DWEEB!
NO! NO, PLEASE DON'T... HEY! IT'S FAKE!
HA HA HA!
HIS PARENTS, STEVE AND CARLA ARE JUSTIFIABLY PROUD OF THEIR SON'S 140 I.Q. AND EVEN PROUDER TO SEE HIM GRADUATE WITH HONORS IN 1961, DESPITE THE FAMILY'S CONSTANT RELOCATIONS.
JIM SPENDS A YEAR AT ST. PETERSBURG JUNIOR COLLEGE AND THEN MOVES, IN SEPTEMBER 1962, TO FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY. HOWEVER, AFTER TWO YEARS...
THIS IS SUCH A WASTE OF TIME, LEARNING ABOUT BULL LIKE MATH AND HISTORY. IT WASTES AND DULLS BRAIN CELLS THAT COULD BE WORKING ON SOMETHING IMPORTANT, SOMETHING RELEVANT TO EVERYONE.
YEAH, LIKE WHAT, JIM? MAKING OUT WITH GIRLS?
F. S. U.
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE ARTS. I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT I'D END UP A WRITER, OR A FILMMAKER OR MAYBE PRODUCE PLAYS. MY PARENTS ARE AGAINST IT BUT I'M THINKING ABOUT GOING TO U.C.L.A. TO MAJOR IN CINEMATOGRAPHY.
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT HE DOES IN 1964.
GOD, DENNIS, THE U.C.L.A. LIBRARY IS FANTASTIC! HAVE YOU READ THIS ONE BY NIETZSCHE? I HAVE A COPY BACK IN OUR ROOM, BUT HERE'S A COLLECTION OF STORIES BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT...
JEEZ, YOU'RE TAKING OUT MORE BOOKS?! YOU ALREADY OWN HUNDREDS!
YOU CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MANY BEACH BOYS AND KINKS RECORDS, AND YOU CAN NEVER HAVE TOO MUCH TO READ! THE MIND IS AN EMPTY CANVAS AND WORDS AND MUSIC PAINT THE PICTURES OF YOUR LIFE...
THAT'S WHY I WANT TO FORM A ROCK DUO AND PERFORM PIECES BASED ON LITERARY WORKS LIKE NORMAN O. BROWN'S "LIFE AGAINST DEATH." I'LL BET I COULD ROCK THE MUSIC WORLD AND MAKE A FEW MILLION BUCKS! WHO SAYS ART CAN'T PAY WELL?
YOU'RE SO ALTRUISTIC, JIM...

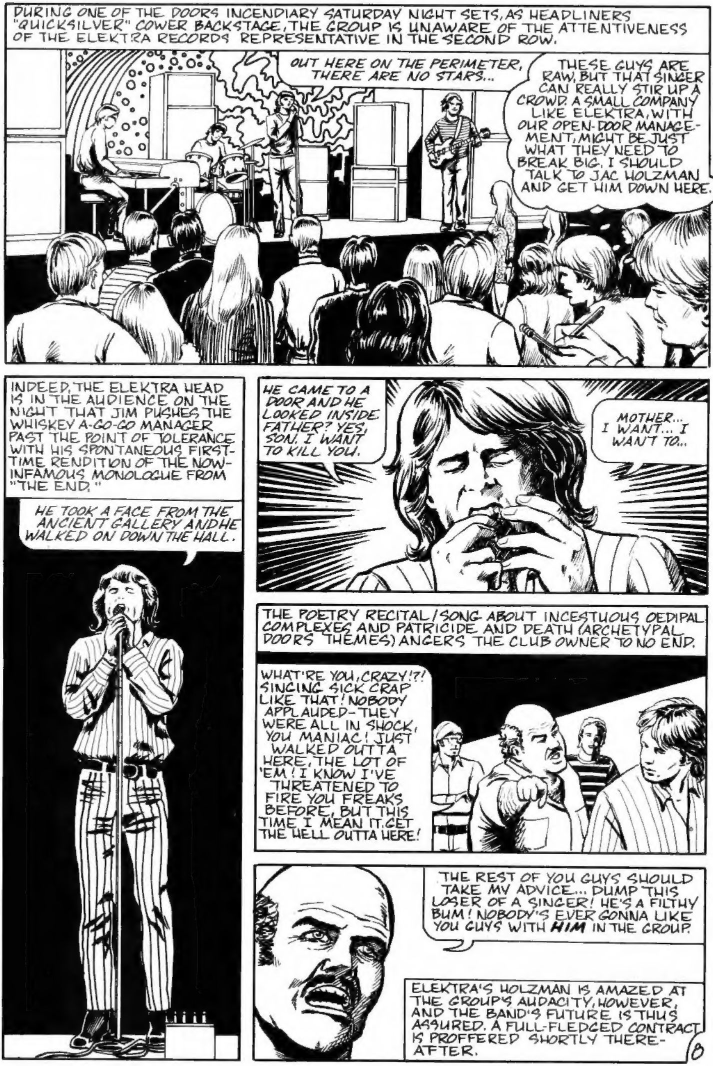
ONE DAY IN FEBRUARY 1964, IN ART CLASS, JIM IS TALKING TO A CLASSMATE, A STUDIOUS AND ACCOMPLISHED CLASSICAL PIANIST: CHICAGO-BORN RAY MANZAREK.
NO KIDDING, YOU STARTED PLAYING PIANO AT TEN YEARS OLD?
YEAH, I EVEN WENT TO THE CHICAGO CONSERVATORY. MY PARENTS WANTED ME TO MAJOR IN ECONOMICS, THOUGH, AT DEPAUL UNIVERSITY.
SO HOW'D YOU END UP HERE IN THE FUNSHINE STATE? AND MAKING FILMS, NO LESS! I'VE SEEN YOUR PROJECTS FROM LAST SEMESTER, AND THEY'RE TERRIFIC!
WELL, MY PARENTS MOVED TO REDONDO BEACH AND I JUST CAME ALONG AND ENROLLED HERE. IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO DECIDE TO TRANSFER TO THE FILM DEPARTMENT.
YEAH, MY PARENTS MOVED TO SAN DIEGO. MY DAD'S LIKE A MAJOR HOT HONCHO IN THE WAR MACHINE.
I GO DOWN TO CORONADO TO GET DRUNK AND RAISE HELL ONCE IN AWHILE, JUST TO LET THEM KNOW I'M STILL ALIVE. I MISS BLASTING THE YARDBIRDS THROUGH THEIR BEDROOM WALL, THOUGH.
SO, WHAT ABOUT YOUR MUSIC? DO YOU STILL PLAY?
WELL, I LOVE BOOGIE-WOOGIE NOW! MY BROTHERS, RICK AND JIM, HAVE A BAND, RICK AND THE RAVENS. I PLAY WITH THEM A LOT OUT IN SANTA MONICA. WE ONLY GET ABOUT FIVE BUCKS A NIGHT, BUT WE HAVE A BLAST JAMMING. WE'RE EVEN WRITING A FEW SONGS NOW...
THAT'S SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO. I'VE GOT THIS NOTEBOOK FULL OF LYRICS. I'VE KIND OF COMPOSED THIS ENTIRE CONCERT OF WORDS AND IMAGES IN MY HEAD, BUT SINCE I CAN'T PLAY AN INSTRUMENT, I CAN'T REPRODUCE IT FOR ANYONE TO PLAY WITH ME.
THERE, A LITTLE BLOOD ON THE BREAST. TOUCHE.
3

AS GRADUATION DAY ROLLS AROUND, JIM IS FREQUENTING VENICE BEACH, FOOTLOOSE AND FREE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SIXTEEN YEARS. ONE DAY IN JULY 1965, HE RECOGNIZES RAY WALKING UP THE BOARDWALK, THOUGH RAY SCARCELY RECOGNIZES JIM.
HEY, RAY, MAN. HOW'S IT HANGIN,' BUDDY?
JIM!? JIM MORRISON! BOY, YOU LOOK... DIFFERENT! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO?
WELL, UH... I'VE BEEN WRITING! SONNETS, POEMS... I'VE EVEN GOT SOME SONGS WRITTEN DOWN. THE LYRICS, ANYWAY, AND THE RHYTHM CADENCE. I HUM THEM TO THE TUNE KIND OF LOW, LIKE A MANTRA, AND IT HELPS ME IMAGINE WHAT I WANT IT TO SOUND LIKE. YOU WANNA HEAR ONE?
WELL, UH... UM, SURE, WHY NOT?
LET'S SWIM TO THE MOON, LET'S CLIMB THROUGH THE TIDE. PENETRATE THE EVENING THAT THE CITY SLEEPS TO HIDE...
AFTER A FEW MORE RECITATIONS...
WOW! THAT'S... THAT'S IT! I'VE NEVER HEARD ROCK LYRICS LIKE THAT! I BET I CAN PUT A MELODY TO THAT FIRST ONE THAT'D REALLY FLESH IT OUT. WE SHOULD GET A GROUP TOGETHER...
WE COULD MAKE A MILLION BUCKS WITH TUNES LIKE THAT!
YEAH, THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
SOON, AT L.A.'S THIRD STREET MEDITATION CENTER, RAY MEETS WEST L.A. NATIVE JOHN DENSMORE, A PHYSICS AND PSYCHOLOGY MAJOR WHO PLAYS DRUMS WITH A LOCAL ELECTRIC BLUES-PSYCH BAND.
HEY, YOU'RE THE SKIN-MAN FROM THE PSYCHEDELIC RANGERS, AREN'T YOU? YOU GUYS ARE HOT! REMEMBER ME, FROM RICK AND THE RAVENS? WE PLAYED TOGETHER AT POED CITY.
SURE! YOU PLAY KEYS, RIGHT?
I LIKE THE JAZZY SOUND YOU GET WHEN YOU PLAY THOSE FAST ASCENSIONS.
I'D LIKE TO PLAY MORE JAZZ, BUT IT JUST DOESN'T PAY THE RENT. AND I'M PRETTY FED UP WITH THIS BRITISH BEATLE POP...
LISTEN, I HAVE THIS GREAT SINGER-SONGWRITER THAT JUST MOVED IN WITH ME, AND HE'S GOT THESE FABULOUS SONGS. TRANSCENDENTAL STUFF, VERY INTENSE LYRICS. I'M WRITING SOME OF THE MUSIC, BUT WE WANT TO GET A WHOLE BAND TOGETHER. WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN COMING OVER AND PLAYING? I CAN GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS.
SURE! I'LL BRING THE SMOKE IF YOU GUYS HAVE SOME COORS IN THE FRIDGE. I'LL BE CURIOUS TO SEE WHAT YOUR BOY'S GOT THERE.

JOHN WASTES NO TIME MAKING THE GROUP A TRIO. MEANWHILE, RAY'S OTHER BAND, RICK AND THE RAVENS, HAVE YET TO PLAY OUT A RECORDING CONTRACT. IN SEPTEMBER 1965, JIM, JOHN AND RAY ENTER WORLD PACIFIC JAZZ STUDIOS TO POOL THEIR TALENTS WITH RAY'S BROTHERS (AND A GIRL BASSIST FROM ENCINO) TO CUT SOME DEMOS OF THE NEW MATERIAL.
SINCE WE ONLY HAVE A FEW HOURS, I THINK WE SHOULD LAY DOWN "MOONLIGHT DRIVE" FIRST SINCE IT'S PRETTY WELL WORKED OUT.
I DUNNO, RAY. I'M NOT SURE I'M UP FOR THIS. I DIG "BREAK ON THROUGH," BUT IT'S STILL A LITTLE, WELL, NOISY FOR MY TASTES.
YEAH, AND WHAT THE HELL DO THE LYRICS IN "END OF THE NIGHT" MEAN?
UEL
I DON'T MIND PLAYING "SUMMER'S ALMOST GONE," BUT I SURE AS HELL DON'T THINK IT'S WORTH RECORDING! THIS MUSIC AND THESE LYRICS... IT'S ALL PRETTY PRETENTIOUS AND WEIRD, ISN'T IT?
THE END RESULT OF THE SESSIONS IS AN ACETATE DEMO, THOUGH RICK'S BROTHERS AND THEIR STAND-IN BASSIST ARE UNHAPPY WITH THE MATERIAL AND DEPART, LEAVING JUST JIM, RAY, AND JOHN. RAY INDUSTRIOUSLY SHOPS COPIES OF THE DEMO AROUND.
WELL, MR. JAMES, YOUR SECRETARY SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?
I WANTED TO TELL YOU THAT I LIKE THE MUSIC. IT'S HARD, IT'S ARROGANT. I THINK IT'S JUST THE KIND OF THING KIDS WANT TO HEAR. DO YOU HAVE MORE?
WELL, NOT RECORDED, BUT, UH, WE CAN GET SOME MORE MATERIAL TOGETHER. THAT IS, AS SOON AS WE GET A NEW BASSIST AND, UH, A GUITARIST.
HMMM. WELL, TELL YOU WHAT. CALL ME WHEN YOU GUYS HAVE GOT IT A LITTLE MORE TOGETHER. I STILL LIKE THE MATERIAL. BY THE WAY, WHAT DO YOU GUYS CALL YOURSELVES?
WELL, UH, WE'RE WORKING ON THAT, TOO...
JOHN'S OLD BANDMATE FROM THE PSYCHEDELIC RANGERS IS AN ETHEREAL SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN NAMED ROBBIE KRIEGER. ROBBIE IS ALSO A MEMBER OF THE MAHARISHI'S T.M. CENTER AND HE SOON CASTS HIS MUSICAL LOT WITH THE OTHER THREE. THE FIRST SONG THEY JAM ON IS "MOONLIGHT DRIVE."
MAN, I'VE HEARD BOTTLENECK GUITAR, BUT I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY WATCHED ANYONE PLAY IT. THAT'S A GREAT SOUND! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN PLAYING?
SINCE I WAS TWELVE OR SO. I PLAYED HILLBILLY MUSIC IN SANTA MONICA AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BUT THAT WAS A NOWHERE SCENE. THEN I STUDIED FOR A MASTERS. BUT WHAT I REALLY WANT IS FOR SOMEONE TO PAY ME TO PLAY MUSIC!
WELL, IF WE CAN GET IT TOGETHER AND PUT A LOT OF PRACTICE IN OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS AND IF WE FIND A BASSIST, BILLY JAMES AT COLUMBIA IS STILL INTERESTED IN US! HE HELPED LAUNCH THE BYRDS, YOU KNOW. LET'S POLISH UP SOME SONGS!

WELL, WE NEED A NAME THEN. I'VE BEEN TOSSING AROUND SOME GREAT LITERARY QUOTES, ESPECIALLY A LINE FROM WILLIAM BLAKE, "A MEMORABLE FANCY." IT GOES, "IF THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION WERE CLEANSED, EVERYTHING WOULD APPEAR AS IT IS, INFINITE." WE COULD CALL OURSELVES "THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION."
ISN'T THAT THE TITLE OF THAT PSYCHEDELIC MANIFESTO BY ALDOUS HUXLEY?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. PLUS IT'S A LITTLE WINDED. HOW ABOUT "THERE ARE THINGS THAT ARE KNOWN AND THINGS THAT ARE UNKNOWN: IN BETWEEN, THE DOORS." THAT'S US! JUST "THE DOORS."
THOUGH UNABLE TO SECURE A SUITABLE BASSIST, THE GROUP ENTERS INTO INTENSIVE REHEARSALS, THROUGH THE SUMMER OF 1966, AT A FRIEND'S HOUSE IN SANTA MONICA (WITHIN EARSHOT OF THE GREYHOUND BUS STATION).
I CAN'T EVEN HEAR MYSELF OVER THE BUSSES! WE NEED SOME MORE MONITORS, SOME MORE POWER.
WE'RE BUSTED, MAN. NONE OF US EVEN OWNS A CAR OR A PHONE! WE CAN'T AFFORD MORE EQUIPMENT.
FORTUNATELY, COLUMBIA OFFERS UP A BASIC, NO-FRILLS SIX-MONTH CONTRACT AND EVEN SPRINGS FOR SOME NEW AMPS, BUT AFTER THE TERM EXPIRES THE COMPANY ALLOWS THEIR OPTION ON THE DOORS TO LAPSE.
I REALLY HAD MY HOPES UP, BUT THEY JUST COULDN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH US. THEY NEVER EVEN FOUND A PRODUCER WHO'D TAKE US.
EXCEPT FOR THAT DRUNK GUY WHO INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS OUR ENGINEER AT THE LONDON FOG CLUB, AND WE NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN! FUCK 'EM, RAY. AT LEAST WE'VE FINALLY GOT SOME GIGS BRINGING IN SOME SPENDING SCRATCH.
YEAH, I LIKE THE FOG CLUB. THEY ARE THE FIRST VENUE TO GIVE US A BREAK, EVEN IF IT IS ONE OF THE CRUMMIER JOINTS ON SUNSET.
BUT GETTING FIVE BUCKS APIECE ON WEEK NIGHTS AND TEN ON WEEKENDS JUST ISN'T MAKING IT. AND I THINK THE CLUB MANAGER HATES US.
YEAH, WE DID KIND OF CON HIM BY HAVING THE HOUSE FULL OF OUR FRIENDS, ALL CHEERING LIKE SAILORS ON THE NIGHT WE AUDITIONED! IT'S NOT OUR FAULT THAT THE PLACE IS USUALLY EMPTY NOW. THE GUY NEVER HIRES ANY NAME ACTS, AND HE NEVER PROMOTES OR ADVERTISES!
BESIDES, WE'VE BEEN THERE FOUR MONTHS AND HE HASN'T FIRED US YET.

UNFORTUNATELY, THE VERY NEXT NIGHT...
LOOKIT THIS, NINE O'CLOCK AND THE PLACE IS LIKE A MONASTERY! YOU GUYS ARE SCARIN' AWAY ALL THE BUSINESS WITH ALL THAT SCREAMIN' AND HUMPIN' THE MIKE STAND AND PLAYIN' HALF-HOUR SONGS! GET OUTTA HERE, YOU IDIOTS'RE FIRED!!!
THE BAND IS NEARLY DESPONDENT ENOUGH TO SPLIT UP. HOWEVER, UNBEKNOWNST TO THEM, LADY FORTUNE IS ABOUT TO EMBRACE THEM TO HER BOSOM.
JIM, IS THAT YOU? I HEARD YOU WERE PRACTICALLY LIVING DOWN HERE IN VENICE BEACH!
HEY, RONNIE HAREN, RIGHT? YOU'RE THAT BOOKING AGENT FROM THE WHISKEY A-GO-GO. I REMEMBER YOU COMING BACKSTAGE A FEW TIMES AT THE FOG, BUT YOU'D NEVER LET US HAVE A SPOT ON YOUR BILL!
WELL, THAT WAS MAINLY BECAUSE I HAD A HOUSE BAND, AND YOU GUYS AREN'T EVEN IN THE MUSICIAN'S UNION! PLUS, NONE OF YOU HAVE PHONES, SO I NEVER KNOW IF I CAN REACH YOU. IN FACT, IT JUST SO HAPPENS THAT I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ALL WEEK!
YOU HAVE?! YOU MEAN... YOU HAVE AN OPENING?
ONLY IF YOU JOIN THE UNION. SCALE IS $135. A NIGHT. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
ALL RIIIGGHHTT!!!
THEY BECOME THE WHISKEY'S REGULAR BACKUP BAND, SUPPORTING GROUPS LIKE LOVE, THEM, SPIRIT, AND THE TURTLES. THEIR PERFORMANCES SHINE, OFTEN ECLIPSING THE HEADLINERS. THEIR SET IS MOSTLY ORIGINALS, AND THE MOOD BACKSTAGE IS ALWAYS JOVIAL. DRUGS, HOWEVER, ARE PROLIFIC, IN PART DUE TO THE GENERAL ATMOSPHERE OF THAT NAIVE ERA.
I'M ACTUALLY FINDING THAT L.S.D. HELPS MY SONGWRITING! I'M PRETTY TIRED OF PLAYING MOLDY OLDIES LIKE "GLORIA," "RED ROOSTER," AND "WHO DO YOU LOVE."
I'M NOT SO SURE, JIM. THAT SMOKE ISN'T HELPING YOUR VOICE MUCH. I MEAN, IT'S BETTER THAN WHEN WE STARTED, BACK WHEN YOU WERE SHY AND SANG WITH YOUR BACK TO THE AUDIENCE! BUT YOUR VOICE WOULD BE SMOOTHER IF YOU DIDN'T SMOKE SO MUCH POT. I KNOW I'M ALWAYS WONDERING ABOUT WHAT THE PSYCHEDELICS ARE DOING TO MY BRAIN CELLS!
WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT WILLIAM BLAKE SAID IN "PROVERB OF HELL." HE SAID, "THE ROAD OF EXCESS LEADS TO THE PALACE OF WISDOM!" I'D BE PROUD IF I COULD WRITE SOMETHING THAT RELEVANT AND POWERFUL!
I WISH I HAD MORE TIME TO WRITE PROSE, LIKE NORMAN MAILER'S "THE AMERICAN DREAM," BUT WHO'S GONNA LISTEN TO A DESTITUTE, UNKNOWN ROCK SINGER? ASPIRATION IS A MADMAN'S BURDEN.


DURING ONE OF THE DOORS INCENDIARY SATURDAY NIGHT SETS, AS HEADLINERS "QUICKSILVER" COWER BACKSTAGE, THE GROUP IS UNAWARE OF THE ATTENTIVENESS OF THE ELEKTRA RECORDS REPRESENTATIVE IN THE SECOND ROW.
OUT HERE ON THE PERIMETER, THERE ARE NO STARS...
THESE GUYS ARE RAW, BUT THAT SINGER CAN REALLY STIR UP A CROWD. A SMALL COMPANY LIKE ELEKTRA, WITH OUR OPEN-DOOR MANAGEMENT, MIGHT BE JUST WHAT THEY NEED TO BREAK BIG. I SHOULD TALK TO JAC HOLZMAN AND GET HIM DOWN HERE.
INDEED, THE ELEKTRA HEAD IS IN THE AUDIENCE ON THE NIGHT THAT JIM PUSHES THE WHISKEY A-GO-GO MANAGER PAST THE POINT OF TOLERANCE WITH HIS SPONTANEOUS FIRST-TIME RENDITION OF THE NOW-INFAMOUS MONOLOGUE FROM "THE END."
HE TOOK A FACE FROM THE ANCIENT GALLERY AND HE WALKED ON DOWN THE HALL.
HE CAME TO A DOOR AND HE LOOKED INSIDE. FATHER? YES, SON. I WANT TO KILL YOU.
MOTHER... I WANT... I WANT TO...
THE POETRY RECITAL/SONG ABOUT INCESTUOUS OEDIPAL COMPLEXES AND PATRICIDE AND DEATH (ARCHETYPAL DOORS THEMES) ANGERS THE CLUB OWNER TO NO END.
WHAT'RE YOU, CRAZY!?! SINGING SICK CRAP LIKE THAT! NOBODY APPLAUDED- THEY WERE ALL IN SHOCK, YOU MANIAC! JUST WALKED OUTTA HERE, THE LOT OF 'EM! I KNOW I'VE THREATENED TO FIRE YOU FREAKS BEFORE, BUT THIS TIME I MEAN IT. GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!
THE REST OF YOU GUYS SHOULD TAKE MY ADVICE... DUMP THIS LOSER OF A SINGER! HE'S A FILTHY BUM! NOBODY'S EVER GONNA LIKE YOU GUYS WITH HIM IN THE GROUP.
ELEKTRA'S HOLZMAN IS AMAZED AT THE GROUP'S AUDACITY, HOWEVER, AND THE BAND'S FUTURE IS THUS ASSURED. A FULL-FLEDGED CONTRACT IS PROFFERED SHORTLY THERE-AFTER.

WITH PAUL ROTHCHILD AS PRODUCER, THE GROUP ENTHUSIASTICALLY ENTERS THE STUDIO TO RECORD THE FIRST NO-FRILLS L.P. "THE DOORS," AND MOST OF THE SONGS GO ON TAPE IN ONLY TWO OR THREE TAKES. ON THE PERSONAL FRONT, JIM MOVES TO LAUREL CANYON WITH FRIEND/OCCASIONAL LOVER, PAMELA COURSON.
THE FIRST SINGLE, "BREAK ON THROUGH," SCORES WELL, BUT THE FOLLOWUP REALLY TAKES EVERYONE BY SURPRISE: ROBBY KRIEGER'S BOUNCY "LIGHT MY FIRE."
HEY, THE 45 IS A HUGE SELLER AND IT'S BOOSTING OUR REP! WE'VE GOT A FIRM OFFER TO DO FILLMORE! I JUST WISH THEY HADN'T CUT IT UP SO MUCH FOR THE SINGLE...IT SOUNDS BUTCHERED, CASTRATED.
AND I WISH I'D WRITTEN THE DAMNED SONG!
IN CONCERT, RAY'S GIMMICKY ELECTRIC ORGAN PROVIDES THE BOTTOM LINE WITH ITS FUNKY BASS PEDAL, AND THE STUDIO AUGMENTATION INCLUDES MASSIVE DOSES OF HALLUCINOGENICS.
WE WANT TO MAKE ALBUMS, NOT SINGLES! WHO CARES ABOUT WHAT AM. RADIO WANTS TO HEAR?
I'VE NEVER RECORDED A BAND IN THE DARK BEFORE ARE THESE GUYS FOR REAL OR WHAT?
FATHER? YES, SON..
THE ALBUM, OUT IN JANUARY 1967, BLOWS EVERYONE AWAY BY SCALING UP TO #2! JIM'S NAME, IN PARTICULAR, IS ON MILLIONS OF LIPS. AT A NEW YORK NIGHTCLUB, THE SCENE, JIM IS SEEN WITH ACTOR PAUL NEWMAN, TALKING ABOUT SCORING PAUL'S NEXT FILM.
WELL, Y'SHEE, I C'N JUST DIG THIS "REVOLUTIONARY CHIC" ONLY SO MUCH, PAUL-BABY. COUNTER-CULTURE? NO WAY. YOUTH IS THE MAINSTREAM CULTURE NOW, AND YOUTH ARE SADLY COMPLACENT.
UH, OKAY, JIM. NOW, ABOUT THE FILM...
THE PROJECT NEVER MATERIALIZES, DUE TO NEWMAN'S MISTRUST OF JIM'S EMOTIONAL AND CREATIVE STABILITY. HE LATER COMMENTS, "YOU COULD SEE AN ARTICULATE GENIUS STRUGGLING TO GET OUT OF THE PILE OF CRAP THAT WAS MORRISON."

IN JULY 1967, "LIGHT MY FIRE" IS AT #1 WITH OVER A MILLION SOLD AND "BREAK ON THROUGH" IS GETTING HEAVY AIRPLAY.
I FOUND AN ISLAND IN YOUR ARMS, A COUNTRY IN YOUR EYES... ARMS THAT CHAIN, EYES THAT LIE. BREAK ON THROUGH TO THE OTHER SIDE!
"THE END" IS ON THE L.P. AND THE GROUP OFTEN PERFORMS IT WHILE HEADLINING AT CLUBS LIKE THE COW PALACE AND THE AVALON BALLROOM.
THEY SOON FIND THE NEED TO HIRE A MANAGER WHILE ELEKTRA BUSILY GIVES THEM TIPS ON "IMAGE." IN DEFIANCE, JIM BUYS HIMSELF A FULL SET OF RUGGED, SECOND-SKINTIGHT LEATHERS (WHICH, ACCORDING TO FRIENDS, HE PROCEEDS TO WEAR NON-STOP FOR SIX MONTHS).
I'M NOT A FUCKING ICON, AND I'M NOT GONNA BE "ELVIS" FOR YOU GUYS! THIS IS A BAND; YOU DON'T NEED TO PLASTER THE PRESS WITH PICTURES OF ME WITH MY SHIRT OFF.
ANYWAYS, I'M SICK OF ALL THESE PHOTO SESSIONS AND INTERVIEWS. IS THERE ANYTHING WORSE THAN A REALLY BAD PHOTO? I'VE SEEN TOO MANY OF THOSE LATELY. IT CAN MAKE ANY PERSON LOOK LIKE A SAINT, AN ANGEL, A FOOL, A DEVIL, OR A NON-ENTITY.
A BAD PICTURE CAN GIVE YOU SEVERAL MOMENTS OF REAL PSYCHIC LOSS. YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT YOU, BUT SOMEBODY HAS CHOSEN TO REVIEW YOU IN THAT WAY AND PRESENT IT TO THE WORLD. I THINK ALL OUR SINGLES AND ALBUMS SHOULD HAVE ONLY PAINTINGS OR ABSTRACT PHOTOS... NO MORE BAND PICTURES!

IN SEPTEMBER 1967, AMERICA IS IN A CREATIVE, POLITICAL AND IDEOLOGICAL UPHEAVAL. VIETNAM, MARCHES ON THE PENTAGON, SGT. PEPPER, HAIGHT-ASHBURY... AND THE DOORS PRESENT THEIR OWN SINGULAR INTERPRETATION (AND SUMMATION) OF THESE MOMENTOUS TIMES WITH THE MUSIC OF THEIR SECOND RECORDED EFFORT, THE "STRANGE DAYS" ALBUM.
I THINK THE FIRST SINGLE SHOULD BE "PEOPLE ARE STRANGE." IT'S GOT A SNEAKY LITTLE HOOK THAT COULD GET IT ON DINER JUKE-BOXES, IF WE CAN TALK ELEKTRA INTO IT...
MAYBE THEY WON'T NOTICE HOW SUBVERSIVE AND DOWNBEAT THE LYRICS ARE.
I KNOW THESE SONGS ARE STRONGER THAN ON THE FIRST ALBUM, AND NOT JUST CAUSE WE TOOK MORE TIME. HAVING DOUG LUBAHN COME IN AND PLAY SOME OF THAT CLEAR-LIGHT JAZZ BASS REALLY FREED ME UP ON KEYS, ESPECIALLY WITH THAT NEW MOOG MACHINE WE USED!
SURE ENOUGH, "PEOPLE ARE STRANGE" HITS #12 AND THE REVIEWS ARE NEARLY UNIVERSALLY POSITIVE. THE REACTION OF JIM'S PARENTS, LONG ESTRANGED AND OUT OF TOUCH WITH THEIR SON, IS NOT SO GLOWING. IT DOESN'T HELP THAT JIM CLAIMED TO REPORTERS AND IN HIS PRESS BIO, THAT HIS PARENTS ARE IN FACT DEAD.
UH, JIM, IT'S FOR YOU. IT'S, UM... YOUR MOM.
YES, MOTHER?
JIM? IT'S GOOD TO HEAR YOUR VOICE. HOW ARE YOU? WHY HAVEN'T YOU WRITTEN? YOU KNOW, YOUR BROTHER ANDY HEARD THAT SONG "LIGHT MY FIRE" FOR WEEKS BEFORE HE REALIZED IT WAS HIS OWN BROTHER! HE SHOWED US THE ALBUM TODAY. WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US?
THAT ALBUM'S OLD, MOTHER. WE HAVE A NEWER ONE. UM, DID YOU LISTEN TO IT?
WELL, UM, YES. ANDY PLAYED IT FOR US. YOUR FATHER... DID YOU KNOW HE'S AN ADMIRAL NOW? THE YOUNGEST IN THE NAVY! WELL, HE DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING, JUST SHOOK HIS PAPER.
I'LL BET HE HEARD "THE END," HUH? HMMMM.
OH, JIM, PLEASE COME HOME FOR THANKSGIVING! ANDY AND ANNE MISS YOU SO.
WELL, I'M GONNA BE PRETTY BUSY.
OKAY, JIM, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. JUST TRY TO VISIT SOON. AND WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR? YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FATHER IS... WILL YOU GET A HAIRCUT BEFORE YOU COME HOME?
SURE, MMM. SEE YOU.
YOU OKAY, JIM?
I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO HER EVER AGAIN.

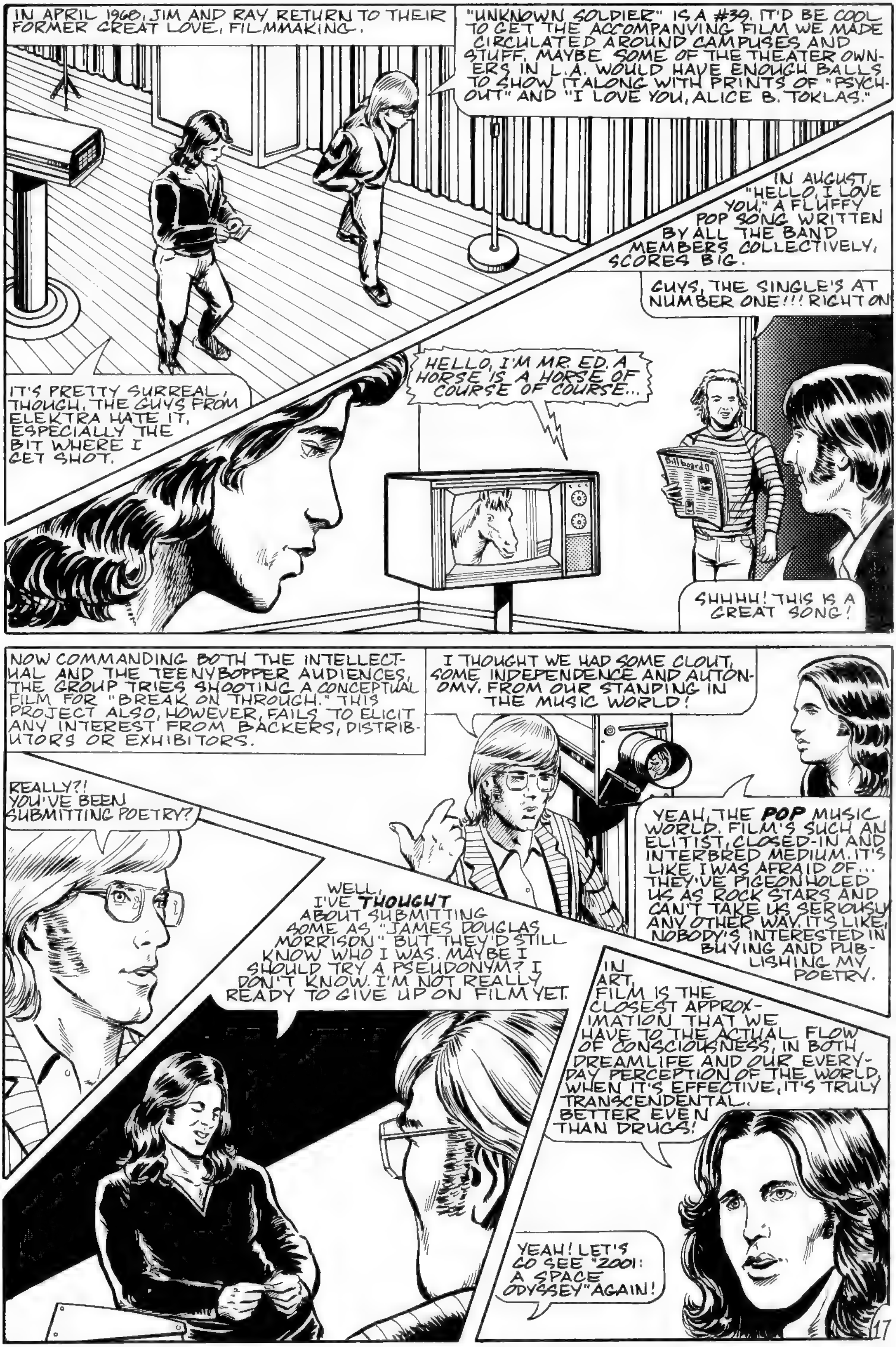
ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1967, THE DOORS FOLLOW IN THE ILLUSTRIOUS BOOTSTEPS OF ELVIS, THE BEATLES AND THE STONES BY LANDING A SPOT ON THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW. BACKSTAGE ON REHEARSAL DAY...
HI, I'M BOB PRECHT, THE CO-ORDINATOR.
YEAH. AREN'T YOU BIG ED'S SON-IN-LAW? NEPOTISM IN ACTION, I SEE. WHAT'S THE SCOOP ON TONIGHT?
UH, WELL... YOU SEE WE HAVE A REQUEST. THE NETWORK HAS SPONSORS WHO ARE, WELL, RATHER VIGILANT IN REGARDS TO THE ACTS WE FEATURE.
YOU SEE, THEY OBJECT TO, AND WITHDRAW ADVERTISING MONEY FROM PERFORMANCES WHICH THEY FEEL ADVOCATE THE USE OF ILLEGAL DRUGS.
YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THE "GIRL WE COULDN'T GET MUCH HIGHER" LINE, AREN'T YOU? I EXPECTED THAT, SINCE YOU WOULDN'T SHOW ELVIS' GROIN AND YOU MADE THE STONES SING "LET'S SPEND SOME TIME TOGETHER"!
HEY, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, ROBBIE. IT'S COOL. I'LL JUST SING SOMETHING ELSE. IT'S NOT IMPORTANT.
OF COURSE, THE REBELLIOUS MORRISON LEAVES OUT THE LINE DURING REHEARSAL, THEN GOES AHEAD AND SINGS THE OFFENDING SENTIMENT ON THE AIR! AFTER THE SHOW...
HEY, I GUESS WE JUST FORGOT IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT, MAN. HEH HEH. NO HARD FEELINGS, HUH, POINDEXTER?
WHY, YOU... YOU YOU CAN'T DO THAT! I'LL... WE'LL... ED WILL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER APPEAR ON NETWORK AGAIN! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE, YOU...
THEIR POPULARITY GROWS AS THEY PUSH THE ALBUM'S SALES INTO THE SMOKY STRATOSPHERE BY PLAYING SPLIT BILLS (AND SHARING ILLICIT SUBSTANCES) WITH BANDS LIKE SPIRIT AND JEFFERSON AIRPLANE AT THE CHEETAH AND WINTERLAND. THE DOORS, HOWEVER, ARE UNLIKE ANY OTHER ACT THEY APPEAR WITH. JIM TEETERS ON THE STAGE'S EDGE AND TOPPLES INTO THE CROWD WHILE RIVETING THEM WITH SONGS OF APOCALYPTIC DESTINY.
CANCEL MY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE RESURRECTION, SEND MY CREDENTIALS TO THE HOUSE OF DETENTION. I GOT SOME FRIENDS INSIDE. THE FACE IN THE MIRROR WON'T STOP. THE GIRL IN WON'T DROP. A FEAST OF FRIENDS, ALIVE SHE CRIED, WAITING FOR ME OUTSIDE.

FROM THAT PIVOTAL MOMENT ON, JIM PLUNGES HEADLONG INTO HEDONISM, EVEN AS THE REST OF THE BAND IS CUTTING BACK ON THEIR PARTYING IN ORDER TO GAIN MORE STAMINA AND CONTROL IN REGARDS TO THEIR PLAYING AND WRITING.
WELL, SO MUCH FOR TONIGHT'S REHEARSAL. AND BILL GRAHAM'S STILL PISSED ABOUT THAT 3 HOUR LATE SHOW HE PULLED AT WINTERLAND.
"STRANGE DAYS" SOON HITS #3 IN THE STATES.
WE'VE GOTTEN PRESS IN ROLLING STONE, TIME, VOGUE... IT EVEN SAYS HERE THAT YOU'RE THE MOST IMPORTANT MALE SEX SYMBOL SINCE JAMES DEAN DIED AND BRANDO GOT FAT!
YEAH, THE ATTENTION'S NICE, BUT TOO MUCH OF IT FOCUSES ON AESTHETICS. IT'S OUR ACT AND OUR MESSAGE THAT I WANT THEM TO NOTICE, NOT MY NIPPLES AND ARMPIT HAIR.
LIKE I TOLD THAT INTERVIEWER, WE'RE NOT JUST ANOTHER ROCK BAND. I'M INTERESTED IN ANYTHING ABOUT REVOLT, DISORDER, CHAOS... ESPECIALLY ACTIVITY THAT APPEARS TO HAVE NO MEANING!
THEY TAKE THEIR EAR-NUMBING, HYPNOTIC SONIC ATTACK ON THE ROAD AND PUMP IT THROUGH 1000 WATT AMPS ALL OVER THE NATION AND THE CHARGED YOUTHS WHO ATTEND THE SHOWS ARE ALL TOO PUMPED TOO PUMPED TO RECEIVE THE DOORS' MESSAGE OF ALIENATION, DEATH AND REVOLT.
WE WANT THE WORLD AND WE WANT IT NOW!!!
THE "STRANGE DAYS" ALBUM COVER IS A COMPROMISE BETWEEN THE BAND AND ELEKTRA.
WELL, IT'S KIND OF A FREAK SHOW, BUT AT LEAST WE TALKED THEM OUT OF THE PHOTO. THEY WANTED A SHOT OF ME UP FRONT, LIKE A CARBON COPY OF THE FIRST ALBUM COVER.
YEAH, AND THEY EVEN RAN THE LYRICS! STILL, THOUGH, I WISH THEY'D DONE THE COVER WITH ALL THE DOGS, AND STUFF.
THE PACKAGING ISN'T IMPORTANT- ONLY THE MUSIC MATTERS! IT'S NOT OUR JOB TO WORRY ABOUT SELLING AND PROMOTION. WE JUST PLAY! EVEN MONEY IS SECONDARY...ISN'T IT?
YEAH, BUT IT'S GREAT WHEN PAYDAY COMES AROUND, ISN'T IT? THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ART BEING COMMERCIAL ...LOOK AT WARHOL! NOW THAT BILL SIDDONS IS MANAGING OUR AFFAIRS WE'RE GETTING A PRETTY HEFTY SLICE OF PIE!
YOU'RE SO ALTRUISTIC, JIM...

ON DECEMBER 9, 1967 (THE DAY AFTER JIM'S 24TH BIRTHDAY) AN INCIDENT TAKES PLACE AT A NEW ENGLAND CONCERT THAT WILL FORESHADOW THE CONTROVERSY THAT THE DOORS WILL INETIVABLY BECOME ASSOCIATED WITH. IT BEGINS BACKSTAGE, WHERE JIM IS "GETTING TO KNOW" AN EIGHTEEN YEAR OLD CO-ED.
HEY, YOU KIDS GET OUTTA HERE! NOBODY'S ALLOWED BACKSTAGE.
HEY, WHO SAYS? EAT IT, MAN. JUST GET LOST, HUH?
OKAY, PUNK, I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING!
AAARRGGHH! I'VE BEEN MACED! YOU FUCKING PIG...
MACE
SSSST
THE OFFICER SOON REALIZES THAT HE'S TRYING TO ARREST THE STAR PERFORMER WHEN BILL SIDDONS APPEARS AND INTERVENES ON JIM'S BEHALF.
THE COP APOLOGIZES, JIM WASHES UP, AND THE SHOW BEGINS ON SCHEDULE. HOWEVER, DURING THE MUSICAL LULL OF "BACKDOOR MAN," JIM GIVES AN EXTENDED RAP REGARDING THE PRE-CONCERT SCUFFLE.
I WANT TO TELL YOU ABOUT SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED A FEW MINUTES AGO RIGHT HERE IN NEW HAVEN. THIS IS NEW HAVEN, ISN'T IT? NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, UNITED STATES OF AMERICA?
ME AND THIS GIRL WANTED SOME PRIVACY... AND THIS LITTLE MAN IN A LITTLE BLUE SUIT AND A LITTLE BLUE CAP CAME IN. ASKED, "WHATCHA DOIN' HERE?" I SAID, "NOTHIN'." AND HE DIDN'T GO AWAY. HE BROUGHT OUT THIS LITTLE CAN OF SOMETHIN', LOOKED LIKE SHAVING CREAM, AND HE SPRAYED IT IN MY EYES!
ABRUPTLY, THE LIGHTS IN THE AUDITORIUM COME UP. POLICE LINE THE STAGE. TWO COPS ARE APRROACHING JIM.
I THINK THE COPS ARE PISSED, OR SOMETHING
JIM'S SPEECH RESULTS IN AN ONSTAGE ARREST FOR BREACH OF PEACE AND RESISTING ARREST. THE CROWD COMPLAINS LOUDLY BUT FAILS TO REACT BEFORE THE SHOW IS OFFICIALLY DECLARED ENDED. JIM IS RELEASED ON $1500 BOND AND SCHEDULED TO APPEAR IN COURT ON JANUARY 2, 1968.
H

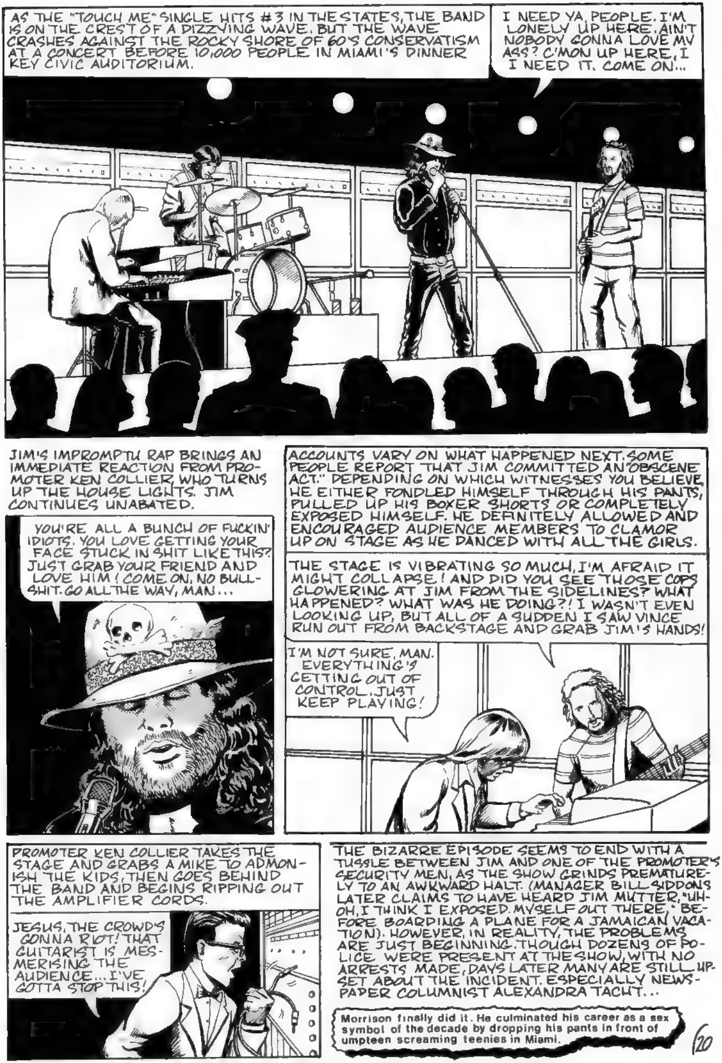
THE NEXT SINGLE FROM "STRANGE DAYS" IS "LOVE ME TWO TIMES," WHICH REACHES #25 STATESIDE.
LOVE ME TWO TIMES I'M GOING AWAY!
JIM'S ERRATIC BEHAVIOR INTENSIFIES AS HE HITS THE BOTTLE WITH THE EPIC SCOPE OF A TRUE POET. HE APPEARS AT ONE CLUB BESOTTED TO SING AND PLAY HARP IN AN IMPROMPTU JAM WITH JOHNNY WINTER AND JIMI HENDRIX.
OH, YEAH, BABY, FUG 'ER UP THE SWEET ASS.
JIM SHOUTS OBSCENITIES TO THE TUNE OF THE BEATLES' "TOMORROW NEVER KNOWS," AMONG OTHER SONGS IN AN INFAMOUS PERFORMANCE WHICH WILL LATER BE CIRCULATED ON BOOTLEG RECORDS WORLDWIDE.
AS THE BAND WATCHES WARILY FROM THE SIDELINES, JIM GETS IN A WELL-PUBLICIZED BRAWL WITH DIVA JANIS JOPLIN.
JIM'S RELATIONSHIP WITH PAMELA IS STILL TORRID, EVEN AS RAY MAKES A BID FOR DOMESTIC TRANQUILITY BY MARRYING LONGTIME LOVER, DOROTHEY. JIM IS BEST MAN.
JIM ALSO EXPRESSES DISSATISFACTION WITH THE LARGE SCOPE OF THE CONCERTS AND LACK OF INTIMACY WITH THEIR AUDIENCES.
I REALLY MISS PLAYING CLUBS LIKE THE WHISKEY, Y'KNOW, BUT EVERYONE HAS THIS *EXPECTATION* OF US NOW.
IN A BIG CONCERT YOU CAN'T LOSE 'CAUSE THEY'RE ALREADY PSYCHED. YOU CAN PLAY THE CROWD, BUILD 'EM UP ALMOST TO AN ORGASM AND THEN BACK DOWN 'TIL THEY'RE READY FOR ANOTHER PEAK. BUT IN A CLUB YOU HAVE TO TURN THEM ON MUSICALLY! IF YOU BLOW IT, EVERYONE KNOWS IT AND FEELS IT!
PLUS WE COULD WORK OUT NEW SONGS *LIVE* IN THE OLD DAYS AT CLUBS INSTEAD OF HAVING TO COMPOSE IN THE STUDIO WITH TAPE ROLLING ALL OVER THE PLACE. ARENA CROWDS SEEM ONLY TO WANT A "GREATEST HITS" SET.
YEAH, I'M GONNA PUNCH THE NEXT GUY THAT YELLS OUT "LIGHT MY FIRE" AT A SHOW!
15

IN FEBRUARY 1960, UNIVERSAL STUDIOS OFFERS THEM A HALF MILLION DOLLARS TO STAR IN A MOVIE (HOWEVER, THE FILM NEVER HAPPENS). INSTEAD THE GROUP BEGINS RECORDING THE "WAITING FOR THE SUN" LP.
THE NIXON-STRAIGHTS ARE GONNA FREAK OVER THIS STUFF! THEY'RE GONNA CRUCIFY JIM!!
BREAKFAST WHERE THE NEWS IS READ, TELEVISION CHILDREN FED, UNBORN LIVING, LIVING DEAD, BULLET STRIKES THE HELMET'S HEAD AND IT'S ALL OVER FOR THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER...
YEAH, BUT ALL THE PUBLICITY'LL HELP 'EM SELL ANOTHER FEW MILLION COPIES!
INDEED, AS THE GROUP HITS THE ROAD WITH THE NEW MATERIAL...
In concert, The Doors are an assault on the libido.
MORRISON IS BECOMING INCREASINGLY THEATRICAL AS HE ACTS OUT ONSTAGE BEING SHOT DURING THE EVOCATIVE "HUT, HUT, HUT, PRESENT ARMS" SEGMENT OF "UNKNOWN SOLDIER."
THERE ARE MORE MINOR BRUSHES WITH THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER, AS JIM ALLEGEDLY INCITES RIOTOUS BEHAVIOR IN PHOENIX AND LONG ISLAND. AT THE SINGER BOWL IN QUEENS, N.Y. THE AUDIENCE SMASHES BARRICADES AND RUSHES THE STAGE, BREAKING UP EQUIPMENT (SEVERAL ARRESTS RESULT).
STOP WAR
WHILE SUCH SCENES MAY NOT SEEM UNCOMMON IN THIS POST-PUNK ERA, DURING THIS "AGE OF AQUARIUS" THESE SORT OF OCCURRENCES WERE UNUSUAL AND INCREDIBLY CATHARTIC RELEASES. AUTHORITIES, BOTH ON THE LOCAL AND NATIONAL LEVELS, NERVOUSLY SCRUTINIZE THE DOORS AND THEIR HIGHLY PUBLICIZED ACTIVITIES.


IN APRIL 1968, JIM AND RAY RETURN TO THEIR FORMER GREAT LOVE, FILMMAKING.
"UNKNOWN SOLDIER" IS A #39. IT'D BE COOL TO GET THE ACCOMPANYING FILM WE MADE CIRCULATED AROUND CAMPUSES AND STUFF. MAYBE SOME OF THE THEATER OWNERS IN L.A. WOULD HAVE ENOUGH BALLS TO SHOW IT ALONG WITH PRINTS OF "PSYCH-OUT" AND "I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS."
IT'S PRETTY SURREAL, THOUGH. THE GUYS FROM ELEKTRA HATE IT, ESPECIALLY THE BIT WHERE I GET SHOT.
IN AUGUST, "HELLO, I LOVE YOU," A FLUFFY POP SONG WRITTEN BY ALL THE BAND MEMBERS COLLECTIVELY, SCORES BIG.
HELLO, I'M MR. ED. A HORSE IS A HORSE OF COURSE OF COURSE...
GUYS, THE SINGLE'S AT NUMBER ONE!!! RIGHT ON
Billboard
SHHHH! THIS IS A GREAT SONG!
NOW COMMANDING BOTH THE INTELLECTUAL AND THE TEENYBOPPER AUDIENCES, THE GROUP TRIES SHOOTING A CONCEPTUAL FILM FOR "BREAK ON THROUGH." THIS PROJECT ALSO, HOWEVER, FAILS TO ELICIT ANY INTEREST FROM BACKERS, DISTRIBUTORS OR EXHIBITORS.
I THOUGHT WE HAD SOME CLOUT, SOME INDEPENDENCE AND AUTONOMY, FROM OUR STANDING IN THE MUSIC WORLD!
YEAH, THE POP MUSIC WORLD. FILM'S SUCH AN ELITIST, CLOSED-IN AND INTERBRED MEDIUM. IT'S LIKE I WAS AFRAID OF... THEY'VE PIGEONHOLED US AS ROCK STARS AND CAN'T TAKE US SERIOUSLY ANY OTHER WAY. IT'S LIKE, NOBODY'S INTERESTED IN BUYING AND PUBLISHING MY POETRY.
REALLY?! YOU'VE BEEN SUBMITTING POETRY?
WELL, I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT SUBMITTING SOME AS "JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON" BUT THEY'D STILL KNOW WHO I WAS. MAYBE I SHOULD TRY A PSEUDONYM? I DON'T KNOW. I'M NOT REALLY READY TO GIVE UP ON FILM YET.
IN ART, FILM IS THE CLOSEST APPROXIMATION THAT WE HAVE TO THE ACTUAL FLOW OF CONSCIOUSNESS, IN BOTH DREAMLIFE AND OUR EVERYDAY PERCEPTION OF THE WORLD. WHEN IT'S EFFECTIVE, IT'S TRULY TRANSCENDENTAL. BETTER EVEN THAN DRUGS!
YEAH! LET'S GO SEE "2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY" AGAIN!

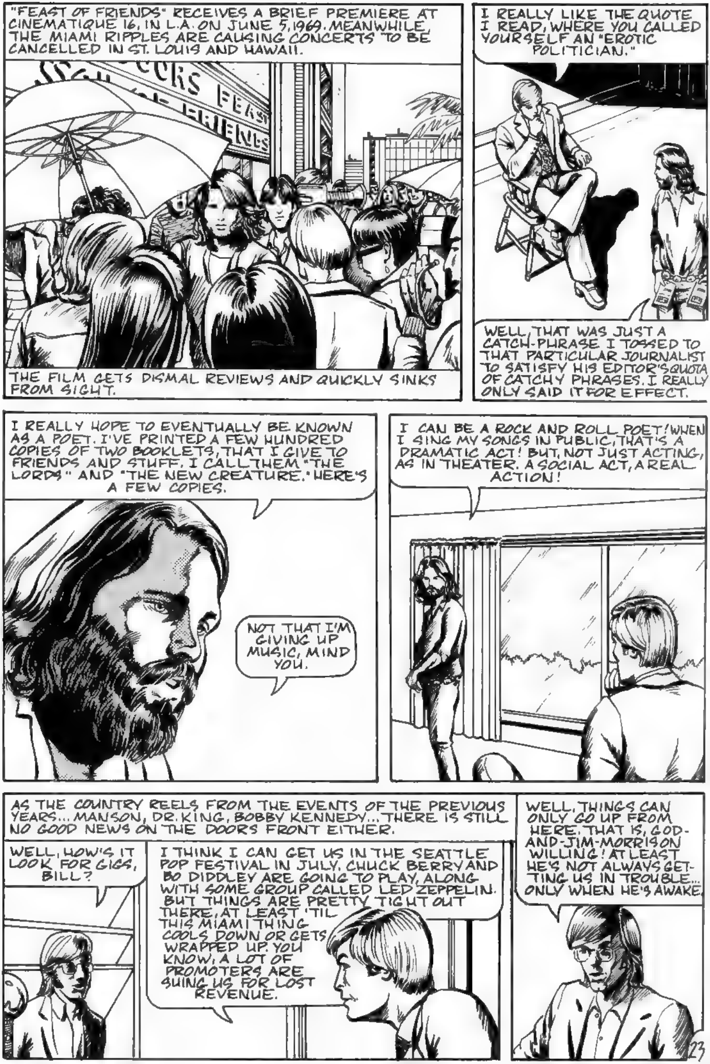
IN JULY OF 1968, THE "WAITING FOR THE SUN" ALBUM POSTS ADVANCE ORDERS OF HALF A MILLION COPIES WITHIN WEEKS OF ITS RELEASE. IT HITS #1 AND LINGERS THERE FOR FOUR WEEKS.
Billboard
1 WAITING FOR THE SUN
THE LP COMES WITH MORRISON'S FLOWERY LYRICS, PRINTED IN OPERATIC FLOURISH, TO "CELEBRATION OF THE LIZARD."
WELL, AS YOUR MANAGER, I'M PROUD TO PRESENT YOU WITH THIS... YOUR BIGGEST ROYALTY CHECK YET! ENJOY, BOYS!
THANKS, BILL. STILL, IT'S A SHAME THAT WE COULDN'T FIT MORE THAN THE "NOT TOUCH THE EARTH" EXCERPTS FROM "LIZARD" INTO THE GROOVES. HOW COME ELEKTRA FROWNS ON ANY SONG LONGER THAN A FEW MINUTES? THEY GO OVER GREAT IN CONCERT...
I KNOW I'M JUST THE DRUMMER, BUT I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS PSYCHIC MUMBO JUMBO ABOUT "SMOOTH HISSING SNAKES OF RAIN..."
LISTEN, SINGLES ARE COOL, BUT THAT'S NOT ALL THAT WE'RE ABOUT! WE COULD EVEN MAKE A STAGE PLAY OUT OF "LIZARD" IF WE WANTED TO. WE'RE NOT BOUND BY FIVE CHORDS AND AN AMPLIFIER STACK.
THE PLAY NEVER MATERIALIZES, THOUGH THE ENTIRE MUSICAL EPIC WILL APPEAR ON THE "ABSOLUTELY LIVE" LP IN 1970.
THE PRESTIGIOUS MAG "MELODY MAKER" COVERS THEIR WHIRLWIND EUROPEAN TOUR IN AUGUST 1968. HOWEVER, THE PRESS IS NOWHERE IN SIGHT AS JIM PROWLS AMSTERDAM'S RED LIGHT DISTRICT ONE SUNDAY, WITH GRACE SLICK AND PAUL KANTNER OF THE JEFFERSON AIRPLANE.
HEY, JIM MORRISON! WOW, LISTEN, HAVE SOME OF THIS HASH... ON ME. I LOVE YOUR STUFF! JEEZ... HEY, WANT A LITTLE MESCALINE?
THIS IS GREAT! DRUGS ARE PRETTY MUCH LEGAL HERE! I THINK I'LL TRY A LITTLE OF THIS WINDOWPANE!
JIM, SLOW DOWN! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE EVERYTHING THAT COMES YOUR WAY! JUST STICK 'EM IN YOUR POCKET AND SAVE IT FOR LATER. OR GIVE IT TO THE GROUPIES AND THE CREW... YOU CAN'T TAKE IT ALL!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, YOU PUSSIES!
GULP!
THAT NIGHT ONSTAGE, JIM BASICALLY COLLAPSES, COMPLETELY OUT OF IT. RAY RELUCTANTLY TAKES OVER THE VOCALS AND, HAPPILY, THE AUDIENCE FAILS TO RIOT (PROVING THAT THE HYPNOTIC AND INVOLVING LEGEND OF THE DOORS WAS MUSICAL AS WELL, AND NOT DEPENDENT ON JIM'S CHARISMATIC HISTRIONICS AND PLEADING VOCAL GROWL.
18

AS THE GROUP HITS ENGLAND, "HELLO I LOVE YOU" IS AT #15 ON THE U.K. CHARTS. ON OCTOBER 6...
CHECK IT OUT! THIS DOCUMENTARY ON US, "THE DOORS ARE OPEN" IS RIGHT ON!
YEAH, THEY WERE FILMING US IN LONDON, BUT I HAD NO IDEA IT WAS GOING TO BE LIKE THIS! ISN'T IT WIERD, HEARING GUYS WITH SUCH 'PROPAH' BRITISH ACCENTS RUMINATING ON THE PHILOSOPHICAL SIGNIFICANCE OF AN AMERICAN ROCK AND ROLL BAND?
THIS IS OUR FIRST BIG SUCCESS OVER HERE. THE ALBUM IS IN THE TOP 20 AND ALL THE LOCAL PAPERS ARE RUNNING BIOS AND REVIEWS.
AROUND THIS TIME, RAY DAVIES OF THE KINKS THROWS A MONKEY WRENCH INTO THE WELL-OILED AND CHURNING DOORS MACHINE.
MY CLIENT, MR. RAY DAVIES, CONTENDS THAT HIS COPYRIGHTED, PUBLISHED WORK, "ALL DAY AND ALL OF THE NIGHT," WAS INFRINGED UPON BY THE NOTABLY SIMILAR SONG BY THE DOORS, "HELLO, I LOVE YOU."
FURTHERMORE, WE DEMAND THAT THIS GROUP, IN ORDER TO COMPENSATE FOR THEIR BLATANT PLAGIARISM, HAND OVER ANY AND ALL PROFITS AND ROYALTIES FROM THEIR UNAUTHORIZED RECORDING.
THE DOORS FINALLY AGREE TO FORFEIT THE BRITISH ROYALTIES ONLY, AND THE MATTER IS SETTLED.
UPON THEIR RETURN TO THE U.S., IT IS APPARENT THAT JIM'S HEAVY DRINKING AND PARTYING IS TAKING A TOLL ON HIS PSYCHE AND APPEARANCE.
JEEZ JIM, YOU'RE STARTING TO GET SOME SPARE TIRE THERE! YOU'D BETTER WEAR SOME LOOSE CLOTHES FOR THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS SHOW!
AHHH, GO STICK YER HEAD UP YER ASS. I'M A FUGGIN' GOD, MAN! I COULD BALL A NUN, I CAN MAKE 20,000 KIDS RIP UP A STADIUM. DON'T GIVE ME ANY SHIT ABOUT MY WEIGHT.

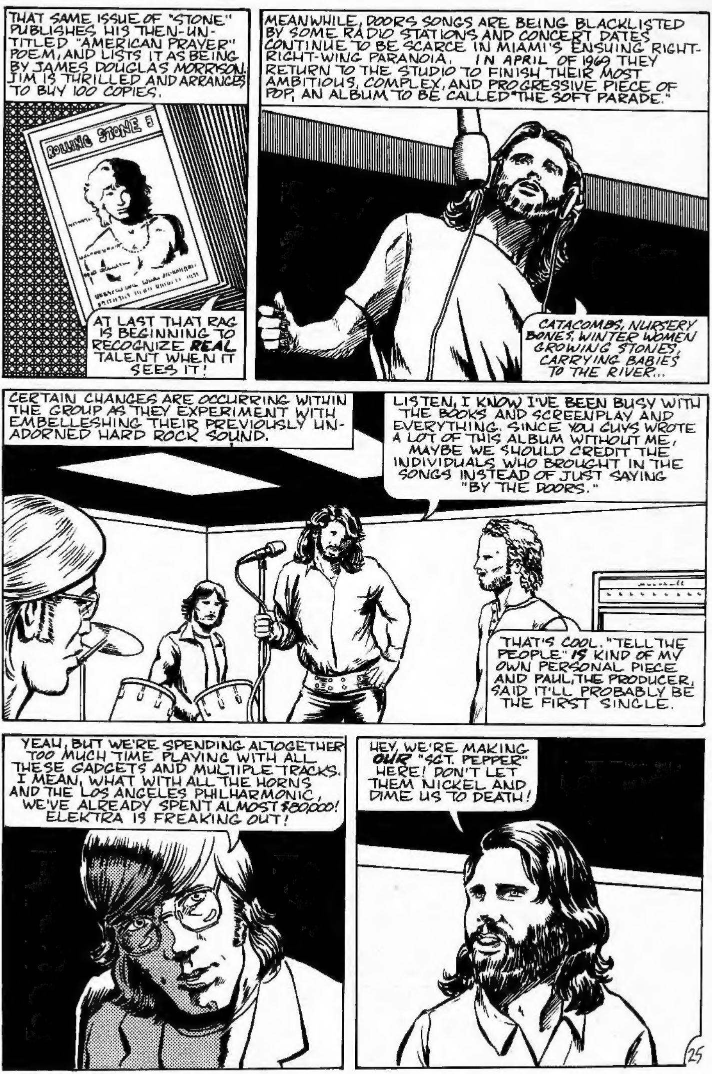

AS THE "TOUCH ME" SINGLE HITS #3 IN THE STATES, THE BAND IS ON THE CREST OF A DIZZYING WAVE. BUT THE WAVE CRASHES AGAINST THE ROCKY SHORE OF 60'S CONSERVATISM AT A CONCERT BEFORE 10,000 PEOPLE IN MIAMI'S DINNER KEY CIVIC AUDITORIUM.
I NEED YA, PEOPLE. I'M LONELY UP HERE. AIN'T NOBODY GONNA LOVE MY ASS? C'MON UP HERE, I I NEED IT. COME ON...
JIM'S IMPROMPTU RAP BRINGS AN IMMEDIATE REACTION FROM PROMOTER KEN COLLIER, WHO TURNS UP THE HOUSE LIGHTS. JIM CONTINUES UNABATED.
YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF FUCKIN' IDIOTS. YOU LOVE GETTING YOUR FACE STUCK IN SHIT LIKE THIS? JUST GRAB YOUR FRIEND AND LOVE HIM! COME ON. NO BULLSHIT. GO ALL THE WAY, MAN...
ACCOUNTS VARY ON WHAT HAPPENED NEXT. SOME PEOPLE REPORT THAT JIM COMMITTED AN "OBSCENE ACT." DEPENDING ON WHICH WITNESSES YOU BELIEVE, HE EITHER FONDLED HIMSELF THROUGH HIS PANTS, PULLED UP HIS BOXER SHORTS OR COMPLETELY EXPOSED HIMSELF. HE DEFINITELY ALLOWED AND ENCOURAGED AUDIENCE MEMBERS TO CLAMOR UP ON STAGE AS HE DANCED WITH ALL THE GIRLS.
THE STAGE IS VIBRATING SO MUCH, I'M AFRAID IT MIGHT COLLAPSE! AND DID YOU SEE THOSE COPS GLOWERING AT JIM FROM THE SIDELINES? WHAT HAPPENED? WHAT WAS HE DOING?! I WASN'T EVEN LOOKING UP, BUT ALL OF A SUDDEN I SAW VINCE RUN OUT FROM BACKSTAGE AND GRAB JIM'S HANDS!
I'M NOT SURE, MAN. EVERYTHING'S GETTING OUT OF CONTROL. JUST KEEP PLAYING!
PROMOTER KEN COLLIER TAKES THE STAGE AND GRABS A MIKE TO ADMONISH THE KIDS, THEN GOES BEHIND THE BAND AND BEGINS RIPPING OUT THE AMPLIFIER CORDS.
JESUS, THE CROWD'S GONNA RIOT! THAT GUITARIST IS MESMERISING THE AUDIENCE... I'VE GOTTA STOP THIS!
THE BIZARRE EPISODE SEEMS TO END WITH A TUSSLE BETWEEN JIM AND ONE OF THE PROMOTER'S SECURITY MEN, AS THE SHOW GRINDS PREMATURELY TO AN AWKWARD HALT. (MANAGER BILL SIDDONS LATER CLAIMS TO HAVE HEARD JIM MUTTER, "UH-OH, I THINK I EXPOSED MYSELF OUT THERE," BEFORE BOARDING A PLANE FOR A JAMAICAN VACATION). HOWEVER, IN REALITY, THE PROBLEMS ARE JUST BEGINNING. THOUGH DOZENS OF POLICE WERE PRESENT AT THE SHOW, WITH NO ARRESTS MADE, DAYS LATER MANY ARE STILL UPSET ABOUT THE INCIDENT. ESPECIALLY NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST ALEXANDRA TACHT...
Morrison finally did it. He culminated his career as a sex symbol of the decade by dropping his pants in front of umpteen screaming teenies in Miami.

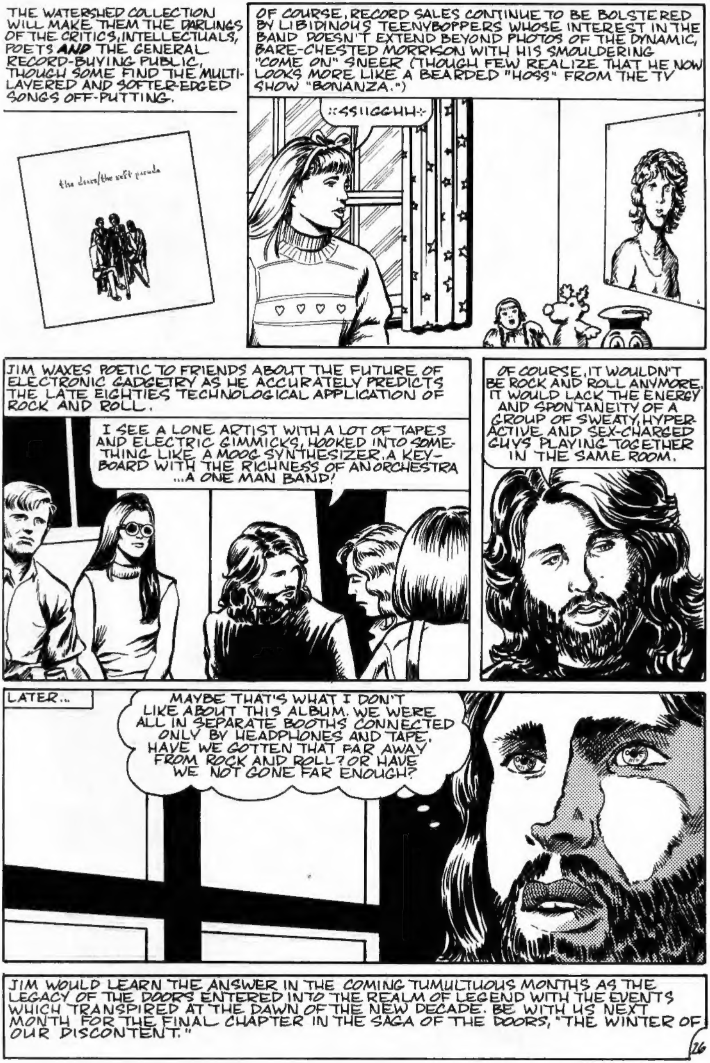
A FULL FOUR DAYS AFTER THE CONCERT, AFTER INCREDIBLE MEDIA AND PUBLIC PRESSURE, WARRANTS ARE ISSUED FOR JIM'S ARREST.
MR. MORRISON WILL MOST LIKELY BE CHARGED WITH LEWD AND LASCIVIOUS BEHAVIOR IN PUBLIC BY EXPOSING HIS PRIVATE PARTS AND SIMULATING MASTURBATION AND ORAL COPULATION, PUBLIC PROFANITY AND PUBLIC DRUNKENNESS. IF CONVICTED, HE FACES A MAXIMUM OF THREE YEARS AND 150 DAYS AT RAIFORD STATE PENITENTIARY.
WHAT HATH JIM WROUGHT? MIAMI, ALWAYS A CONSERVATIVE TOWN, HOLDS A "DECENCY" RALLY IN THE ORANGE BOWL, ATTENDED BY NO LESS THAN 30,000 RIGHTEOUS AND INDIGNANT CITIZENS AND LUMINARIES. PROMINENT ALCOHOLIC WOMANIZER JACKIE GLEASON APPEARS, AS WELL AS FUTURE "FAG-BASHER" ANITA BRYANT.
DECENCY.... NOT DECADENCE
KEEP AMERICA CLEAN... GET A HAIRCUT
AS THE BAND CONFERS WITH BILL SIDDONS, THE MAYOR OF JACKSONVILLE CANCELS AN UPCOMING DOORS SHOW AND THE MIAMI HERALD CALLS JIM "THE KING OF ORGASMIC ROCK."
WELL, IT LOOKS A LITTLE WORRISOME. ALTHOUGH, THEY'VE GOT 150 PHOTOS FROM THE SHOW AND NONE OF THEM SHOW ANY EXPOSURE.
YEAH, BUT THEY'VE GOT WITNESSES THAT CLAIM THEY SAW JIM WHIP IT OUT.
THIS IS BULLSHIT, MAN. I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER BEING THERE! ARE YOU SURE I WASN'T TUCKING IN MY SHIRT?
ON APRIL 3, 1969, AFTER RETURNING TO AMERICA...
JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON, THE F.B.I. HEREBY CHARGES YOU WITH UNLAWFUL INTERSTATE FLIGHT FROM JUSTICE, IN LIEU OF CHARGES PENDING AGAINST YOU IN MIAMI, FLORIDA...
THIS IS NUTS! THE CHARGES WEREN'T EVEN FILED UNTIL AFTER I'D LEFT THE STATE! WHAT'RE YOU FEDS TRYIN' TO DO, PUT ME AWAY SO DEEP THAT NOBODY'LL EVER HEAR MY BATTLE CRY AGAIN? THERE WERE THIRTY COPS THERE THAT NIGHT... IF I WAS OBSCENE, WHY DIDN'T THEY ARREST ME THEN?

IRONICALLY, THE "TOUCH ME" SINGLE IS STILL MOVING, AND "WISHFUL SINFUL" CREEPS UP TO #44. RELEASED ON $5000 BAIL, JIM IMMEDIATELY TRIES TO PUT THE INCIDENT BEHIND HIM BY DELVING INTO NEW PROJECTS.
BILL SAYS WE'VE LOST HALF A MILLION DOLLARS FROM CANCELLED SHOWS. AND THEY CAN'T SCHEDULE MORE, EVEN IN CITIES THAT AREN'T AFRAID OF US, UNTIL THE COURT DATES ARE SETTLED.
MAYBE WE SHOULD GET BACK TO WORK ON THAT PERFORMANCE FILM WE WERE MAKING WITH THE GUYS FROM U.C.L.A.
YOU MEAN "FEAST OF FRIENDS"? GOD, THERE'S JUST SO MUCH FOOTAGE. AND I'M TRYING TO FINISH UP A BOOK OF POETRY. NOT TO MENTION THE FACT THAT PAM'S STARTING TO GET ON MY CASE. SEEMS LIKE SHE CATCHES ME EVERY TIME I JUMP SOME SWEET YOUNG BABE, AND SHE'S GETTING MIGHTY TESTY ABOUT IT!
I SAY WE LET OUR PARTNERS EDIT ALL THE FRACTAL FOOTAGE, AND WE CAN BUY THE EQUIPMENT WE RENTED FOR "FEAST" AND START A REAL FILM! WE'LL FORM A PRODUCTION COMPANY...CALL IT "HIGHWAY" PRODUCTIONS, OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
ONE OF THE SCENES THEY FILM, SHORTLY AFTER EASTER, SERVES TO STRENGTHEN THE STILL-PREVALENT NOTION (THOUGH IT IS OPEN TO DEBATE) THAT JIM SUFFERED FROM A SEVERE DEATH-WISH.
JIM, LISTEN, YOU'RE BUZZED. WE DON'T NEED THIS SHOT NOW. IF YOU'RE GONNA INSIST ON DOING IT, AT LEAST LET US TIE A ROPE TO YOU, JUST IN CASE. I MEAN, WE'RE SEVENTEEN STORIES UP! YOU CAN'T JUST DANCE ON THE LEDGE... IT'S CRAZY!
OH YEAH? JUST WATCH THIS!
AFTER DANCING HIS DANGEROUS JIG, JIM PUNCTUATES THE SHOT WITH AN UNSCRIPTED BIT OF SIDEWALK WATERING. HIS FRIENDS MERELY SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN RELIEF AND BEFUDDLEMENT.

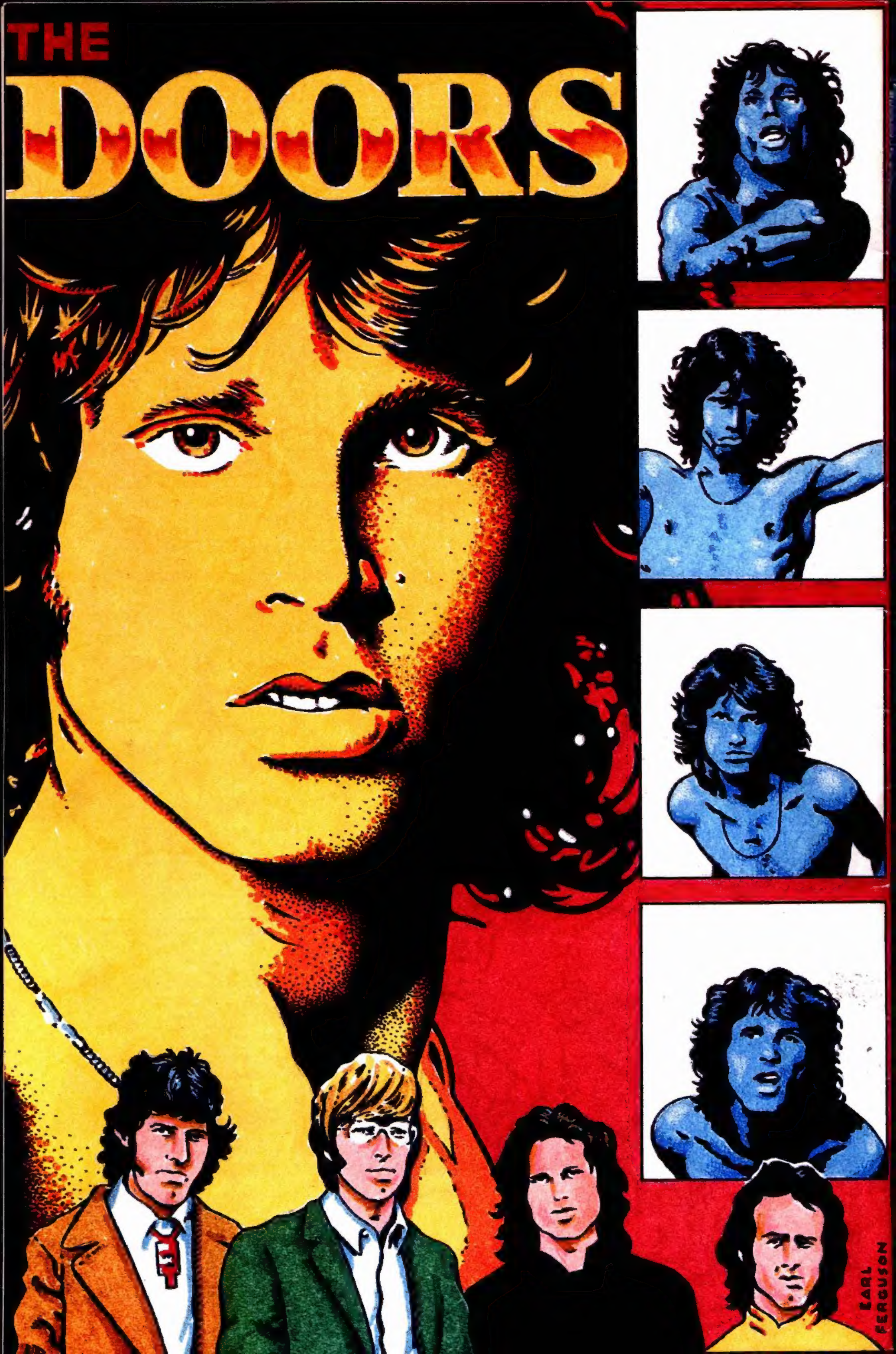

"FEAST OF FRIENDS" RECEIVES A BRIEF PREMIERE AT CINEMATIQUE 16, IN L.A. ON JUNE 5, 1969. MEANWHILE, THE MIAMI RIPPLES ARE CAUSING CONCERTS TO BE CANCELLED IN ST. LOUIS AND HAWAII.
FEAST FRIENDS
THE FILM GETS DISMAL REVIEWS AND QUICKLY SINKS FROM SIGHT.
I REALLY LIKE THE QUOTE I READ, WHERE YOU CALLED YOURSELF AN "EROTIC POLITICIAN."
WELL, THAT WAS JUST A CATCH-PHRASE I TOSSED TO THAT PARTICULAR JOURNALIST TO SATISFY HIS EDITOR'S QUOTA OF CATCHY PHRASES. I REALLY ONLY SAID IT FOR EFFECT.
I REALLY HOPE TO EVENTUALLY BE KNOWN AS A POET. I'VE PRINTED A FEW HUNDRED COPIES OF TWO BOOKLETS, THAT I GIVE TO FRIENDS AND STUFF. I CALL THEM "THE LORDS" AND "THE NEW CREATURE." HERE'S A FEW COPIES.
NOT THAT I'M GIVING UP MUSIC, MIND YOU.
I CAN BE A ROCK AND ROLL POET! WHEN I SING MY SONGS IN PUBLIC, THAT'S A DRAMATIC ACT! BUT, NOT JUST ACTING, AS IN THEATER. A SOCIAL ACT, A REAL ACTION!
AS THE COUNTRY REELS FROM THE EVENTS OF THE PREVIOUS YEARS... MANSON, DR. KING, BOBBY KENNEDY... THERE IS STILL NO GOOD NEWS ON THE DOORS FRONT EITHER.
WELL, HOW'S IT LOOK FOR GIGS, BILL?
I THINK I CAN GET US IN THE SEATTLE POP FESTIVAL IN JULY. CHUCK BERRY AND BO DIDDLEY ARE GOING TO PLAY, ALONG WITH SOME GROUP CALLED LED ZEPPELIN. BUT THINGS ARE PRETTY TIGHT OUT THERE, AT LEAST 'TIL THIS MIAMI THING COOLS DOWN OR GETS WRAPPED UP. YOU KNOW, A LOT OF PROMOTERS ARE SUING US FOR LOST REVENUE.
WELL, THINGS CAN ONLY GO UP FROM HERE. THAT IS, GOD-AND-JIM-MORRISON WILLING! AT LEAST HE'S NOT ALWAYS GETTING US IN TROUBLE... ONLY WHEN HE'S AWAKE.
23

AS THE BAND BEGINS WORK ON THEIR NEXT ALBUM, THEY PREPARE TO APPEAR ON NATIONAL TELEVISION'S "CRITIQUE" SHOW.
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO DO PUBLIC TV. I CAN REALLY GET BEHIND THE FREEDOM AND LACK OF CENSORSHIP AND SPONSORSHIP THAT YOU GUYS REPRESENT.
CHANNEL 13
JIM IS INDEED GRATEFUL FOR THE LATITUDE AS THE BAND PERFORMS THEIR NEWEST COMPOSITION "SOFT PARADE," AS WELL AS AN EXPLICIT VERSION OF "BUILD ME A WOMAN."
SUNDAY TRUCKER, CHRISTIAN MOTHERFUCKER...
HOST RICHARD GOLDSTEIN ZEROS IN ON THE MIAMI CONTROVERSY, THOUGH JIM (IN HIS FIRST INTERVIEW SINCE THE EVENT) WISELY SKIRTS THE ISSUE ON THE ADVICE OF HIS LAWYER.
SO, JIM, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE THE JESSE JAMES OF ROCK?
WELL, WILLIAM BONNEY WOULD BE MORE ACCURATE. JESSE JAMES WAS MOTIVATED BY GREED, WHILE BILLY THE KID DID IT JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.
LIKE NIETZSCHE SAID, "THE SECRET OF REAPING THE GREATEST FRUITFULNESS AND THE GREATEST ENJOYMENT FROM LIFE IS TO LIVE DANGEROUSLY." HERE, LET ME READ TO YOU FROM MY BOOK, "THE NEW CREATURES."...
ON THE FOLLOWING WEEK, JIM OPENS UP A LITTLE MORE FOR JERRY HOPKINS, WHO INTERVIEWS HIM FOR ROLLING STONE.
GETTING DRUNK, YOU'RE IN COMPLETE CONTROL... UP TO A POINT. IT'S YOUR CHOICE, EVERY TIME YOU TAKE A SIP. YOU HAVE A LOT OF SMALL CHOICES. IT'S LIKE... I GUESS IT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SUICIDE AND SLOW CAPITULATION.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
I DON'T KNOW MAN. LET'S GO NEXT DOOR AND GET A DRINK!


THAT SAME ISSUE OF "STONE" PUBLISHES HIS THEN-UNTITLED "AMERICAN PRAYER" POEM, AND LISTS IT AS BEING BY JAMES DOUGLAS MORRISON. JIM IS THRILLED AND ARRANGES TO BUY 100 COPIES.
ROLLING STONE
AT LAST THAT RAG IS BEGINNING TO RECOGNIZE REAL TALENT WHEN IT SEES IT!
MEANWHILE, DOORS SONGS ARE BEING BLACKLISTED BY SOME RADIO STATIONS AND CONCERT DATES CONTINUE TO BE SCARCE IN MIAMI'S ENSUING RIGHT-RIGHT-WING PARANOIA. IN APRIL OF 1969 THEY RETURN TO THE STUDIO TO FINISH THEIR MOST AMBITIOUS, COMPLEX, AND PROGRESSIVE PIECE OF POP, AN ALBUM TO BE CALLED "THE SOFT PARADE."
CATACOMBS, NURSERY BONES, WINTER WOMEN GROWING STONES, CARRYING BABIES TO THE RIVER...
CERTAIN CHANGES ARE OCCURRING WITHIN THE GROUP AS THEY EXPERIMENT WITH EMBELLESHING THEIR PREVIOUSLY UNADORNED HARD ROCK SOUND.
LISTEN, I KNOW I'VE BEEN BUSY WITH THE BOOKS AND SCREENPLAY AND EVERYTHING. SINCE YOU GUYS WROTE A LOT OF THIS ALBUM WITHOUT ME, MAYBE WE SHOULD CREDIT THE INDIVIDUALS WHO BROUGHT IN THE SONGS INSTEAD OF JUST SAYING "BY THE DOORS."
THAT'S COOL. "TELL THE PEOPLE" IS KIND OF MY OWN PERSONAL PIECE AND PAUL, THE PRODUCER, SAID IT'LL PROBABLY BE THE FIRST SINGLE.
YEAH, BUT WE'RE SPENDING ALTOGETHER TOO MUCH TIME PLAYING WITH ALL THESE GADGETS AND MULTIPLE TRACKS. I MEAN, WHAT WITH ALL THE HORNS AND THE LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC, WE'VE ALREADY SPENT ALMOST $80,000! ELEKTRA IS FREAKING OUT!
HEY, WE'RE MAKING OUR "SGT. PEPPER" HERE! DON'T LET THEM NICKEL AND DIME US TO DEATH!



THE WATERSHED COLLECTION WILL MAKE THEM THE DARLINGS OF THE CRITICS, INTELLECTUALS, POETS **AND** THE GENERAL RECORD-BUYING PUBLIC, THOUGH SOME FIND THE MULTI-LAYERED AND SOFTER-EDGED SONGS OFF-PUTTING.
the doors/the soft parade
OF COURSE, RECORD SALES CONTINUE TO BE BOLSTERED BY LIBIDINOUS TEENYBOPPERS WHOSE INTEREST IN THE BAND DOESN'T EXTEND BEYOND PHOTOS OF THE DYNAMIC, BARE-CHESTED MORRISON WITH HIS SMOULDERING "COME ON" SNEER (THOUGH FEW REALIZE THAT HE NOW LOOKS MORE LIKE A BEARDED "HOSS" FROM THE TV SHOW "BONANZA.")
::SSIIGGHH::
JIM WAXES POETIC TO FRIENDS ABOUT THE FUTURE OF ELECTRONIC GADGETRY AS HE ACCURATELY PREDICTS THE LATE EIGHTIES TECHNOLOGICAL APPLICATION OF ROCK AND ROLL.
I SEE A LONE ARTIST WITH A LOT OF TAPES AND ELECTRIC GIMMICKS, HOOKED INTO SOMETHING LIKE A MOOG SYNTHESIZER, A KEYBOARD WITH THE RICHNESS OF AN ORCHESTRA ...A ONE MAN BAND!
OF COURSE, IT WOULDN'T BE ROCK AND ROLL ANYMORE. IT WOULD LACK THE ENERGY AND SPONTANEITY OF A GROUP OF SWEATY, HYPERACTIVE AND SEX-CHARGED GUYS PLAYING TOGETHER IN THE SAME ROOM.
LATER...
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT THIS ALBUM. WE WERE ALL IN SEPARATE BOOTHS CONNECTED ONLY BY HEADPHONES AND TAPE. HAVE WE GOTTEN THAT FAR AWAY FROM ROCK AND ROLL? OR HAVE WE NOT GONE FAR ENOUGH?
JIM WOULD LEARN THE ANSWER IN THE COMING TUMULTUOUS MONTHS AS THE LEGACY OF THE DOORS ENTERED INTO THE REALM OF LEGEND WITH THE EVENTS WHICH TRANSPIRED AT THE DAWN OF THE NEW DECADE. BE WITH US NEXT MONTH FOR THE FINAL CHAPTER IN THE SAGA OF THE DOORS, "THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT."


THE
DOORS
EARL FERGUSON